KING

ICHAR

IHS II.ND

W.M

HAKESPEAR

1608

506

Johannes Patricius
Crichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

Bartlett 983*

THE
Tragedie of King
Richard the Second:

With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard.

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe.

By *William Shake-speare.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe,
1608.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde *Iohn of Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaster*;
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henrie Herford* thy bold sonne,
Here to make good the boystrous late appeale
Which then our leisure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreouer; hast thou sounded him
If the appeale the Duke on auncient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused, freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gratious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

Mowb. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
King. Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Cooſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. Firſt (heauen be the record to my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a ſubiectes loue,
Tendring the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traytours name ſtuffe I thy throate,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mowb. Let not my cold wordes here accuſe my zeale:
Tis not the tryall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hotte that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and naught at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbes me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat;
Setting a ſide his high bloods royaltie:
And let him be no kinſman to my Leige,

I doe defie him, and ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlaunderous Coward and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclayming here the kinred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ſtoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or what thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I ſweare,
Which gently layde my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of Knightly tryall.
And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitour, or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Cooſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd, my life ſhall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendinges, for your Highneſſe Souldiours:
The which he hath detainde for leawd imployments,
Like a falſe Traytour, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elſe where, to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray, their firſt head and ſpring:

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels*, cryes,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This Arme ſhall do it, or this Life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayſt thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lyeſt:
Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiours;
The other part reſeru'de I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duetie in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my grecued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'de the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To proouе my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamberd in his boſome:
In haſte whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no Phiſition:
Deepe Malice makes too deepe inciſion:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vnckle, let this end, where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your ſonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, ſhall become my age:
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harrie, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mowb. My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame:
The one my duetie owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of Death that liues vpon my Graue,
To darke Diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue:
I am diſgraſte, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with Slaunders venomd ſpeare,
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots; take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded Loame, or painted Clay:
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take Honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Leige) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coſin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble vvrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund;
Which ſince we can not do, to make you friendes,
Be ready (as your life ſhall anſwere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home allarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutcheſſe of Glocester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodſtocks blood,
Doth more ſollicite me, then your exclaimes,

To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they ſee the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.
Dutcheſſe. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeauen ſonnes, whereof thy ſelfe art one,
Were ſeauen Viols of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeauen faire Branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeauen are dryed by Natures courſe;
Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One Violl full of *Edwards* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing Branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crackt, and all the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues all faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that ſelfe mould, that faſhioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy Brother to be ſlaughtred;
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breaſtes.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafegard thy owne life,
The beſt way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.
Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputie annoynted in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

An angrie arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.

Duch. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
A catiue recreant to my Cosin Herford.
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe must end her life,

Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.

Duch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it falles
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Commende me to my brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more: Bidd him; ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht Walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford armde?

Aum. Yea at all poyntes, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and stay
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.

King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his ariuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,
And why thou commest thus Knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traitour to my God, my King, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour

King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,
Before King *Richard* in his royall lists?
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie
Am I, who readie heere do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Morfolke,
That he is a Traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bolde
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Martiall and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For Mowbray and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes ſpeare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cooſin) Lord Aumarle,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweete.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-folde vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his Sonne.
Gaunt. God in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous.
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enemie,
Rouſe vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.
Mow. How euer God or fortune caſt my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his Chaines of Bondage, and embrace,
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie.
Moſt mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to ieſt,
Goe I to fight, truth hath a quiet breſt.
King. Farewell (my Lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
Mart. Harrie of Herforde, Lancaſter, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolke.
Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.
A Traitour to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
Her. Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,

On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.

Mart. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Counſell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deare blood which it hath foſtered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweete infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp vvith boyſterous vntunde drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhock of vvrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet couſines fright faire Peace,
And make vs vvade euen in our kinreds blood:
Therefore vve baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till tvvice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Bul. Your vvill be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that vvarmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall poynt on me, and guild my baniſhment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingnes pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraine Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fourty yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Iayler to attende on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeechleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compaſsionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royall Svvord your baniſht hands.
Svveare by the duties that vovve to God,
(Our part therein vve baniſh vvith your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that vve adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer vvrite, regreete, nor reconcile

This

This louing tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this frayle Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in a word; ſuch is the breach of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dried lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my Sonne.

King. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue:
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canſt helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy Sonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweete to taſte, prooue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall ſlaunder ſought I to auoyde,
And in the ſentence, my owne life deſtroyde.
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſin farewell, and Vncle bid him ſo;
Sixe yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.
Au. Cooſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let Paper ſhow,
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I; for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doeſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe Winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.

Bul. My heart willl ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps,
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to fet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euerie tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſsitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſsitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mocks at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſoare.
Gaunt. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, ſweete ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my nurſe that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht, yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one doore, and the Lord Aumarle at the other.

King. We did obſerue. Coſin Aumarle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me; except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rew me, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
King. What ſaid your coſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell, and for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſſion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Coſins Coſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman comes to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,

Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiectes next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
We are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At Ely houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions minde,
To helpe him to his Graue immediatly:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiours for theſe *Iriſh* Warres:
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt,
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath trueth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſicke at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chouſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gaunt. Mee thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him;
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, inſatiate cormorant.
Conſuming meanes ſoone prayes vpon it ſelfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breede of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier Lands:
This bleſſed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For chriſtian ſeruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborne Iewrie,
Of the worldes ranſome, bleſſed Maries ſonne:
This land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rockie ſhoare beates backe the enuious ſiege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe:
Ah would the ſcandall vaniſht with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?
King. What comfort man? how iſt with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my compoſition,
Old Gaunt in deede, and gaunt in being old;
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious faſt.
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leaneneſſe, leaneneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein, faſting haſt thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherites nought but bones:
King. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſerie makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe.
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Gaunt. No, no; men liuing, flatter thoſe that die.
King. Thou now a dying ſayſt, thou flattereſt me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.
King. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill,
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too careleſſe patient as thou art,
Commitſt thy annoynted body to the cure
Of thoſe Phiſitions that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand Flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head;
And yet inraged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue laide thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why Coſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by Leaſe:

But

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt vvith thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Novv by my Seates right royall maieſtie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witnes good,
That thou reſpectſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame vvith thee:
Theſe Wordes hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklynes and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Ma-
King. What ſayes hee? (ieſtie.
North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that muſt be bankrout ſo,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King. The ripeſt Fruite firſt falles, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Warres:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge,
Towards our aſsiſtance we do ſeaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herfords baniſhment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of the noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt.
In Warre, was neuer Lion ragde more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accompliſht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why Vnckle, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

York. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will insue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well:

Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

Nort. Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of (Herford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.

Nort. Now afore God t'is shame, such wrongs are borne
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himselfe, but bacely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely prosecute,
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuisde,
As Blankes, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Willo. Warres hath not wasted it; for warr'd he hath not,
But bacely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble Auncestors atchiude with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Willo. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him.
Rosse. He hath not Money for these Irish Warres,
His burthienous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sayles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le Port Blan*
(A Bay in *Brittanie*) receiude intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these, well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse, To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Wills. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which look't on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lordes departure weepe not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

Buſh. Tis nothing but conceite(my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe,Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe,mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe:
But what it is,that is not yet knowne,what
I cannot name,tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie,& well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſte,his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at Rauenſpurgh.
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam,tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland,his young ſonne H. Piercie,
The Lords of Roſſe,Beaumond,and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friendes,are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimde Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction,traytours?
Greene. We haue,whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his Staffe,reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to Bullingbrook
Queene. So Greene,thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke,my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe,ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous Hope,he is a flatterer,
A paraſite,a keeper backe of death,

Who

Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe Hope lingers in extreamitie..
Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Queene. With ſignes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle,for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable wordes.
Yorke. Should I do ſo,I ſhould bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes,care,and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age,cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he trie his Friendes that flattered him.
Seruingman. My Lord,your ſonne was gone before I came,
Yorke. He was,why ſo; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled,the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloceſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold take my Ring.
Seruing. My Lord,I had forgot to tell your Lordſhip,
To day I came by and called there;
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.
York. What i'ſt knaue?
Seruingm. An houre before I came,the Dutcheſſe died.
Yorke. God for his mercie! what a tyde of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What,are there two Poſts diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe Warres?
Come Siſter,Coſin I would ſay; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow,get thee home,prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen,will you go muſter men?

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeue mee: both are my kinsemen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much filles their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persie.

North. It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoeuer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolude,
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytour;
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Herford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Hertord*, boy?
H.Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.Per. My gratious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?
H.Per. There standes the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lordes of *Yorke*, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, vvhich more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Standes for my bounty: but vvho comes heere?
North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guesse.
Barkeley. My Lord of *Hertord*, my message is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.
Barke. Mistake me not my Lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your Honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our natiue peace with selfe-borne Armes?
Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.
Bul. My gracious Vnckle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no Traitors vnckle; and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Dar'de once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more than why? Why haue they dar'de to march
So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Fryting her pale-faced Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Comst thou because th'annoynted King is hence?
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall bosome lyes his power:
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From foorth the rankes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
Yorke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Herford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt alive. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he been thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt a father,
To rouze his wronges, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goodes are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Reste. It standes your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willough. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wronges,
And laboured all I could to doe him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mende it, I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as neuter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bul. An offer Vnckle that we will accept;
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet Ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salsburie*, we haue staide ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Welch. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.
Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,
I see thy glory like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staynde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my seigniories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and felld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Raz'd out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England: Lords farewell.
Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:
Vncle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispateht,
With letters of your loue to her at large,
Bull. Thankes (gentle Vncle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after, holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royall hands;
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy gated Toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeeld ſlinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraines enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration Lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuſe
The proffered meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through our ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.

King. Diſcomfortable coſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloody heere.
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the Eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annoynted King.

The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewde ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God for his *Ric:* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guardes the right.

Enter Saliſh.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?

Saliſh. Nor neere nor farther off, my gratious Lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy ſtate:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bulingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

King. But now the bloud of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my ſelfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twentie thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my vncle *Yorke* (heere?
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my Kingdome loſt? Why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende,
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:
Cry woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo armde
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſiluer Riuers drowne their ſhores.
As if the world were all diſſolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, and hearts harder then ſteele:
White beards haue armd their thinne and hareleſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy Crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women manage ruſtie billes:
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.

King. To well, to well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this.

Scro. Sweete loue's (I ſee) changing: his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadly hate.
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made,
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with raine eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as paſte and couer to our bones.
For Gods ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To Monarchiſe, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles a bout our life,

Were

Were Brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a lettle pin,
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, need friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to wayle,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast sayd enough:
Beshrew thee Coosin which didst lead me foorth

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes slaue, shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them go
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrooks* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are dispearst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say, King *Richard*; alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, should you haue bin so briefe with him,
He would haue bin so briefe to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vncle) further then you should.

York. Take not (good Coosin) further then you should,
Leaft you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bull. I know it Vncle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie. The Castle is royally mand my Lord.
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleill.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H.Bull. on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand.
And sends alleageance and true fayth of heart
To his royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen?
The which, how far off from the mainde of Bullingbrooke
It is, such crimson tempest should be drench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping duetie tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while heere we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be well perusde.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.

Bul. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fiery portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile handes against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke (for yon me thinkes he stands)
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Mayd-pale peace,

To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with faythfull Engliſh blood.
North. The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faythfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, ſay thus: the King returnes,
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendes:
We do debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do we not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitour, and ſo die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,
Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull ſwords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbrooke.
King. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depoſde?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almeſ-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a diſh of Wood:
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saincts:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue;
Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiectes feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted Cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein layde; there lies
Two kinſmen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What ſayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maieſtie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?

North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.

King. Faire Cosin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Mee rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Cosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get:
Vncle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosin is it so?

Bull. Yea my good Lord.

King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Que. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.

Quee. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam weele daunce.

Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,

Lady. Madam weele tell tales,

Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?

Lady. Of either Madame.

Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady. Madam Ile sing.

Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady. I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.
But stay, here commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Goe thou, and like an executioner

Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.
Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a model our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And dresst his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruite trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue;
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What *Eue?* what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam, litle ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde,
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes, he weighes King Richard downe.
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.
Queene. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my sad looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the Plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*
Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile set a bancke of Rew sowre Herb of grace:

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene, *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou doſt know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timeleſſe end.
Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Cooſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your Cooſins death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine Honour ſoyld
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly Sword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mooud me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valoure ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By

By that faire Sunne that ſhewes me where thou ſtandſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Glocesters death:
If thou denieſt it twentie times, thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou darſt not (coward) liue I to ſee the day,
Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.
Aum, Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
L. Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To proue it on thee to the extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing, ſeize it if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another L. I take the earth to the like (forſworne *Aumerle*,)
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honors pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.
Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twentie thouſand ſuch as you.
Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.
Fitz. Tis very true, you were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me this is true.
Sur. As falſe by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Suerrie thou lieſt. (ſword,
Sur. Diſhonourable boy, that ly ſhall ly ſo heauie on my
That it ſhall render vengance and reuenge,
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.

Fitz.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay, he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolke lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his lands and ſignories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norffolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Bul. Why Biſhop, is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appeallants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Trone, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the trueth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble Richard: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits not here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls,

Oh if you rayſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childes children crie againſt you woe.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paynes,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
† May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his conduct.
Bull. Lords, you that are heere, are vnder our areſt,
Procure your Sureties for your dayes of anſwere;
Litle are we beholding to your loue,
And litle looke for at your helping hands.

Enter king Richard.

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardly yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue Sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſsion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes cry all hayle
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found trueth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen,
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To doe what ſeruice am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Seaſe the Crowne.

Heere

† *From this croſs to the next is not in the firſt Edition.*

Heere Cooſin, on this ſide my hand, and on that ſide yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne?
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares downe:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care don,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crovvne?
Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
All pompe and maieſtie I do forſweare,
My Manners, Rentes, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit:

 God

God saue King *Harry*, vnkingd *Richard* saies,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grecuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the State and profit of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland?*
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilat*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie; yet you *Pilates*,
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,
And water can not wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere:
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traytor with the rest;
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory base, and Soueraignty a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe.
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good:
And if my name be starling, yet in Englang
Let it commaund a mirour hether strayte
That it may shew me what a face I haue,
Since it is bankrout of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.

North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I do see the very Booke indeed,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinckles yet?
Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper woundes?
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houshould roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke?*
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
Marke silent King the morall of this sport,
How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face.

Bull. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see: tis very true, my griefe

Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwelles with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Bull. Name it faire Cooſin.
Rich. Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects,
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich. And ſhall I haue it?
Bul. You ſhall.
Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bull. Goe ſome of you conuey him to the Tower.
Rich. O good conuey, conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
* *Bull.* On Wedneſday next we ſolemnely ſet downe
† Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.
Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intentes, but alſo to effect,
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eyes of teares;
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*
Enter

* *Let it be ſo, and loe on Wedneſday next, We ſolemnly proclaime our coronation. Lords be ready all.* — First Edition

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected Tower,
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke.*
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard.
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to deaw,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell vvhere old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouſe gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme Neceſsitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France,*
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our praphane houres heere, haue throwne downe.
Queene. What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſde thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd, and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildely kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſtes.
King. A King of Beaſtes indeed, if aught but beaſt,

I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſende the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,
And in compaſsion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is changde,
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrook* aſcendes my throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vvill knovv againe,
Being nere ſo litle vrgd another vvay,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne.
The loue of vvicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To vvorthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an ende:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my maried wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe't was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
Queen. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but litle policie.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:
Queene. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.

Dutc. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory
Of our two Coſins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Dutc. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.
Yorke. Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dut. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scowle on gentle *Richard*, no man cried, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But Dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him:
But Heauen hath a hand in these euentes,
To whose high will we bound our calme contentes,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. (*Enter Aum.*

Yorke.

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God prevent not I purpose so.
York. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who see it;
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
York. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to: Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:

He plucks it out of his bosome, and reades it.

Treason, foule treason! villaine, traytor, slaue.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse:

God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His Man enters with his Bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.
Enter the King with his Nobles.
King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.
H. Per. My Lord, some two dates since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
King. And what said the gallant?
Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle amazed.
Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly?
King H. What meanes our cosin that he stares and looke

 Aum.

Aum. God ſaue your Grace; I do beſech your Maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs heere alone.
What is the matter with our Cooſin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy deſire.

The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.

Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
King. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare.
Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole, hardy King,
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
King. What is the matter vncle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know,
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe:
I tore it from the traitors boſome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, leſt thy pitty proue
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bolde conſpiracy!
O loyall father of a treacherous ſonne!
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer Fountaine,

From

From whence this ſtreame through muddy paſſages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himſelfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuertes to bad,
And thy aboundant goodnes ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſsing ſonne.
Yorke. So ſhall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour, with his ſhame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their ſcraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſhamde life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kilſt me in his life giuing him breath,
The traytor liues, the true man's put to death.
Dut. What ho, my Liege for Gods ſake let me in.
King. What ſhrill voyc'd ſuppliant makes this eger cry?
Dut. A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pitty me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before.
King. Our ſceene is altred from a ſerious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Cooſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe is come to pray for your foule ſinne.
Yorke. If thou do pardon whoſoeuer pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiuenes, proſper may:
This feſtred ioynt cut off, the reſt reſt ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.
Dut. Oh King, beleeue not this hard-harted man:
Loue louing not it ſelfe, none other can.
Yorke. Thou frantike woman, what doſt thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Riſe vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beſeech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſsing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yorke.

York. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill may'ſt thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Duc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts vvould gladly riſe I knovv,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Duc. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King ſay, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word;
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moue thee pardon to rehearſe.
King H. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet

Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe;
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Duc. A God on earth thou art.
King But for our truſty brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and coſin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Duc. Come my olde ſonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.

Exton. Did'ſt thou not marke the K. what words he ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man. Theſe were his very wordes.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did.
Exton. and ſpeaking it, he wiſtly lookt on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou were't the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go;
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the famale to my ſoule;
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtil-breeding thoughts;

 And

And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikely wonders: how theſe vaine weake naylea
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there.
And in this thought they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingde by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraite am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicke playes.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept;
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring:

But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke:
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minuts, and with ſighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: ſo ſighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes poſting on in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:
This Muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holpe madd men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men madd.
Yet bleſsing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a ſigne of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble Peare:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commeſt thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that ſad Dogge,
That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my ſometimes royall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreetes that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudly, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurrde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the Kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valoure, as of royall blood:
Both haue I spilld; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Diuell that told me I did well,

Sayes

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Enter Bullingbrooke With the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
I, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heades of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discourst in this Paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But heere is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. *Carleil*, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemie thou hast euer been,
High sparkes of honour in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by mee hither brought.
King. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.
King. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour:
With *Caine* goe wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me to make me growe
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

The late Mr. Stevens, ſpeaking of
this quarto, and one of the ſame date
of the firſt part of King Henry IV, ſays

‡‡ King Richard II. and King Henry IV. 1608.]

Of each of theſe only one copy has been met with.
They both belonged to the late Reverend John Bowle,
and are now in my poſſeſſion. Stevens.

See the laſt Edition of Shakeſpeare
in 15 Vol. —— Vol. I. page. 442.

altho Mr. S. was miſtaken in his aſſertion,
(that only one copy had been met with of either quarto)
yet it muſt be a certain ſign of their rarity, when
ſo diligent an enquirer after the old quarto's, ſhould
never have ſeen (in the courſe of a long life) any other
of each of theſe dates but the two mention'd.

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